

MAINE FARMER

AND MECHANIC'S ADVOCATE.

WILLIAM NOYES,
Publisher.

Saturday Morning,
July 1, 1843.

Maine Farmer and Mechanic's
Advocate,

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WILLIAM NOYES,
WINTHROP.

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Publishing Office, Portland, Middle Street, sign of
the Eastern Farmer.

Agriculture produces a patriot in the truest accepta-
tion of the word.—Talleyrand.



MAINE FARMER.

Transactions of the New York State
Agricultural Society.

We have received from L. Tucker, Esq., Sec-
retary of the N. Y. State Agricultural Society, the
transactions of that body for 1842. It is a large
octavo volume of more than four hundred pages,
handsomely printed, handsomely bound and full of
valuable matter. It contains several portraits of
animals and implements of husbandry, plans and
elevations of farm buildings &c. It is a valuable
work, and hereafter, the Transactions of the N. Y.
State Agricultural Society will be quoted and re-
ferred to as good authority and as a fountain of
Agricultural information.

We like the manner in which this business is
managed in New York, and hope we shall live to
see the day when the State of Maine will have
rubbed the scales of parsimony from her eyes, and
will look and act more rationally upon such matters
than she ever has yet. That State gives each
county a certain sum annually, and the State Society,
another sum. The several county societies
send their reports and communications to the State
Society. These together with the annual papers
of the State Society are sent to the Legislature and
such of them as would be useful are printed as a
Legislative document and thus scattered abroad
throughout the length and breadth of that State,
making an elegant and instructive work which the
farmer may well be proud of. But alas for Maine!
She has offered pretty liberally to the counties, it is
true—she has required that each society shall send
in the report of their proceedings each year to the
Secretary of State. Some of them do it, and those
papers are laid away in the archives to sleep the
sleep of death, for ought we know. We dare say,
if a move should be made in the Legislature to
print a volume of them at the expense of the State,
although there is a sort of provision in the statute
that it may be done, some babbling demagogue of
a member would spend more time, and of course
money, in saving the expense of it that it would
cost the State, threefold as much as it would,
to print enough to supply every farm house in Maine.
We hope we shall see the time when a different
state of things will exist among us, but we have al-
most come to the conclusion that it will not be till
after the fires of Miller's calculation, shall have pur-
ified this ether world of a good deal of the "politi-
cal drift stuff" of every sort and kind that there is
in it now.

Notice of New Agricultural.

THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY FARMER. No. 1 Vol. 1.
A paper, bearing this title comes, to us from St.
Louis, published on the first of each month on a
royal octavo sheet at one dollar per year.

It is conducted by J. LIBBY, whom we remem-
ber as the projector and first publisher of the Far-
mer's Cabinet, one of the nearest and best agricul-
tural publications in the Union. We hope friend
Libby will be as successful in his new undertaking,
and that the MISSISSIPPI VALLEY FARMER will
soon walk with equal step by the side of all the
others in the march of agricultural improvement.

THE SOUTHERN PLANTER. No. 1 Vol. 9, 10, 11, &
12.—FOSTER & BAILEY PROPRIETORS. S. E. BAILEY,
Editor. Verily, we thought this publication was
dead, but are much rejoiced to find that it was only
sleeping. It now wakes up in Washington, Mis-
sissippi, and bids fair to stay waked up. Friend
BAILEY, with true Yankee perseverance is not easily
foiled by the apathy or rebuffs of the world, and
seems determined to go ahead in spite of all obsta-
cles. We can truly sympathize with him in the
difficulties incident to his undertaking, but sincerely
hope that he will triumph over them all. He has
talents of the first order and holds a ready pen.
Courage and hard labor will finally conquer.

SOUTHERN CULTIVATOR. We do not recollect
whether we have mentioned this very neat publica-
tion which comes to us from Augusta, Georgia, or
not. If we have we will notice it again because it
deserves it. It is published semi monthly by J. W.
& W. S. JONES, at one dollar per annum, and is
very neatly printed and well filled with useful
matter, and we hope the Southern Cultivators will
give it a fair living.

PROLIFIC COW.—Mr. Gustavus Morrill of this
village has a cow that has brought four calves with
in twelve months. We saw her the other day with
a fine pair of twin calves by her side; and she had
a pair of twins last spring. That's multiplying and
replenishing the barn yard pretty fast.

Prospects of the Wheat Crop.

We expect an annual effort made through the in-
fluence of speculators, to create an impression that
crops are cut short by worms, or flies, or mildew or
some other cause, as the preliminary of exorbitant
prices, or to get up a temporary run and speculation.
Thus impressed, we are cautious of crediting news-
paper paragraphs that seem to hinge upon such a
motive, or which talks deplorably of the crops. We
have latterly here and there met a paragraph of the
above order, doubting the wheat crop especially.
But, we have observed that in nearly every such in-
stance, the crop in the vicinity of the newspaper
giving out the apprehension is admitted to be good,
or "full middling," and that the news of failure re-
lates to some other and distinct section of country.
This looks very suspicious, to say the least; and our
convictions respecting the prospects of the wheat crop,
and other crops the present season are altogether
the other way, and point to, if not a very abun-
dant, at least a highly prosperous and satisfactory
harvest. We have traversed several hundred miles
lately through several States, and we are per-
suaded that as a whole the crops will be fully equal
to the average of the last ten years, and far better
than several of them were. So let no one despond,
or doubt the bounteous inclinations of nature to re-
ward the honest toil of our countrymen. S.

The Tomb of Lafayette.

We have recently seen going the rounds of the
newspapers, a paragraph advertising to the retire-
ment and simplicity of the tomb of LAFAYETTE.
It reminds us of a visit we made to it some years
since, the particulars of which we noted at the
time in the familiar style of a private diary, but
which may not, in its details, be wholly without
interest to some classes of our readers. In this
view, we venture to transcribe it, with all its im-
perfections, as follows:—

Paris, September 2, 1838.

I have devoted this day, mainly to the memory
and tombs of the illustrious, and the vain, and the
favored, of the dead! My labors to day have par-
taken of mingled reverence and curiosity. First,
and foremost, impelled by that deep feeling of re-
verence which the name and recollection of LAFAYETTE
must always excite in the mind of an American,
I visited his last resting place on earth;—a tomb
that is simple as was his character, chaste as
was his actions, and almost as solitary as was his
individual preeminence among men while living.
Riding to the "Place du Trone," which is up-
on the extreme side of the city, in one of the eight
minute omnibuses, or "voitures," as they are here
called, I from thence made my way, alone, to a
neighboring street, that is quite narrow and some-
what obscure, called "Rue de Picpus." In that
desolate street, at No. 15, directed by my guide
book, I knocked at an ancient looking gate, or door,
built after the French style, and resembling a sta-
ble door-way in one of our American cities. At
this instant, two French soldiers approached to en-
ter likewise. The door turned readily upon its
hinges, in answer to the knock, and I was immedi-
ately in a yard that presented upon the further side
an ancient looking, but highly imposing edifice, of
French structure. It was the building I was in
search of—anciently a convent of the order of St.
Augustine, and now a boarding school; "but still
retaining the chapel of the religious house." The
porter's lodge was immediately within the gate that
I had entered. The two soldiers advanced to the
door of the lodge, and entered, and I saw that they
were recognized by the Porter. I also advanced
near to the door, and the porter, a gentle man,
discovering from my aspect that I was a stranger,
passed by the soldiers and approached me. In my
imperfect French, I asked him, if these premises
contained the tomb of LAFAYETTE? He replied in
the affirmative. I expressed a wish to visit the
tomb. "You are an American?" he inquired with
evident interest. I answered in the affirmative.
"Certainly, I will go with you," he readily rejoin-
ed, and at once set off, leading me across the yard,
at the opposite side of which, passing the end of
the ancient convent, we entered an extensive gar-
den of flowers, shrubbery and trees. Here we passed
several groups of females, some sitting, others
walking, young and middle aged, neatly and uni-
formly attired in white, somewhat bordering upon
quaker simplicity and neatness in the fashion of
their dress, and each wearing, without any bonnet,
a snow white cap.

After making two or three offsets at right angles
down the avenues, we entered a walled cemetery,
perhaps forty feet wide, and three or four times that
distance in length. A narrow avenue divides it in
the centre. Upon each side of the avenue every
part of the ground is occupied by tombs and monu-
ments, one tier deep only, and consecrated to the
remains of different families. These monuments
are, without exception, beautiful in their simplicity,
though unlike each other; and inasmuch that, con-
sidered in conjunction with the noble and historically
interesting names they bear, they impress one
who wanders in that retired and silent place, with
those elevated feelings of admiration and reverence
which the refined and philosophizing mind may be
conceived to realize, on finding in some remote val-
ley of unfrequented mountains, some rare and most
delicate production of nature—a flower, perchance,
that blooms unpolluted by human artifice, and in
harmony only with the purity of nature's impulse,
but embodying all of beauty that can charm the eye,
of simplicity that can engage the understanding, and
of refinement that can elevate by instruction the
soul of man.

At the very extreme end of the avenue, upon the
right, next to the wall, and occupying the corner, is
a broad, slate colored, stone plat form, in the recum-
bent position of a very flat roof. No column, no
obelisk, no monument of any character, rises upon
this flat and plain platform, which is itself elevated

scarcely a foot above the ground, to tell the proud,
the glorious history of him whose remains repose
beneath. But on one side of the central line of this
unassuming plat of stone is the following inscription:—

"M. J. P. R. Y. G. D.
LAFAYETTE.
Lieutenant General, Membre de la Chambre des
Deputes.
Ne a Chavaniac, Haute Loire
Le 5 Septembre 1757.
Marie Le 14 Avril 1774.
M. A. F. De Noailles.
Decide a le 20 Mai
1834.
Requiescat in pace."

What an instructive inscription to living vanity,
a tomb with such an inscription, for a man who
was second only to WASHINGTON in the disinter-
ested sacrifices he made to the cause of human lib-
erty—for a man who was second to no man that
ever has lived, or ever can live, in the purity and
simplicity, and integrity of his life! And this, meth-
ought inquiringly, because still doubting from
excess of admiration—and this is the tomb of LA-
FAYETTE—the great, the good LAFAYETTE! ***

Upon the other half of the platform I have de-
scribed, is inscribed simply the name of his wife,
her birth, the date (Nov. 11, 1759) and place of it;
the date of her marriage and that of her death—
24th Dec., 1807; and beneath all, only the same
inscription as beneath that of her exalted husband,
"requiescat in pace." Truly may it be said of them,
as I saw it written upon the tomb of another pair
to day, in *Pere la Chaise*—"La mort qui les a sepa-
res, les reunira dans le tombeau."

This sacred regard for the perpetuity of his com-
bined association was doubtless in accordance with
the patriot's own ordinance, and I could not but
contemplate here, the opposite extreme of charac-
ter to this, which was exhibited in the life of
BONAPARTE towards JOSEPHINE! How fortunate for
greatness to be allied to goodness! What a source
of perpetual instruction to the world! No man can
come here, if he be a husband, and visit the tomb
of LAFAYETTE, and contemplate his character—no
man can see the patriot's monument resting side by
side in only equal grandeur and equal simplicity
with that of the same patriot's wife who died more
than a quarter of a century before him, without de-
parting under the influence of new and stranger
convictions of the beauty and pleasures of their
conjugal relations, and without new and stronger
resolutions in favor of the man who has done
them homage in disregard of the thousand adverse
temptations that must have beset him in the society
where he lived. Neither ambition, nor any baser
passion, as was the case with NAPOLEON—the great,
the wonderful NAPOLEON, was equal to the aliena-
tion, in life or in death, of a heart so pure, so noble,
so upright as was that of LAFAYETTE, from his ob-
ligations as a husband! Even when left alone—
when released from the demands and expectations,
and rights of a living wife—year after year, for
nearly thirty years, he could not be drawn into any
alliance that would in any degree divide him in
death from his first, original partner! How much
the world may learn, through all coming ages,
of moral as well as of political duty, from the character
of such a man!

PERE LA CHAISE.—On leaving this interesting
and holy sepulchre, I went to the city of tombs and
flowers—*Pere la Chaise*; and I must confess, that
until I was there, I had no adequate conception
of the solemn grandeur and richness of monu-
mental taste, that are to be seen there. Even the
romance of nature, which otherwise might be
studied with great pleasure in the singular topog-
raphy of the ground and grotesque arbors occu-
pied by this cemetery, is wholly forgotten and lost
sight of in the rapid succession of diversified ob-
jects of taste, and of melancholy tributes, with which
the living have here honored the memories of the
dead. Our infant *Mount Auburn*, in the vicinity
of Boston—I speak of it as an American—beautiful
as are its monuments, is as yet but a desolate grove
in comparison with *Pere la Chaise*. There, not the
art of the sculptor, nor the virtues of the dead—
nor the sorrows of the living, constitute the predom-
inating inspirations of the visitor's mind; but the
singularities of nature—the romantic topography
of the place—the multitudes of little hillocks and
mounds which nature has formed, and the wild
grandeur of hill, dale and forest, commingled, seize
hold of his admiration to such an extent, that the
monumental structures scattered here and there
within the consecrated ground, though beautiful in
both design and execution, and the virtues and
characters they intend to commemorate, seem alike
to come in as mere incidents of the scene—as sec-
ondary considerations. It requires a struggle to
keep the mind from the former, down to a contem-
plation of the latter. But in *Pere la Chaise* the re-
verse of this is the case. Here, so dense is the
crowd of tombs, and of illustrious names, and such
beautiful, yet melancholy grandeur, presides over
and characterizes them generally, that all beside
the solemn associations of the place, and the glo-
rious recollections of the dead, is forgotten or hushed!
One thinks only of the dead. He wanders at
every step, over ashes that speaks to him in tones
of instruction, and of admonition, that inspires him
with reverence, and almost creates within him the
desire to begin his own eternal rest in a place of
so much delightful enchantment! S.

THE INITIALS OF M. J. P. R. Y. G. D. represent
the Christian name, viz.—Marie, Jean, Paul, Roch,
Yves, Gillet, De mortier.

"This inscription assigns Paris as the birth place
of Madame Lafayette's birth—while the historians
of Havre claim that city as her birth place. The
names of Lafayette's mother and wife may have
been confounded and given rise to an error on the
part of historians.

(Mount Auburn has been greatly improved since
the above was written, in 1838; but still falls im-
measurably behind its great archetype at Paris.

Crows.

Messrs. Editors:—I notice in your paper of
June 3d, 1843, some remarks upon the crow and
crow black-bird. They are represented as being
very injurious to corn when coming up. I suppose
they are, and often, at that season, do much damage
to the farmer. But whatever damage they may do
to the young corn in the spring, it all comes through
the neglect of the farmers in not preparing the
seed-corn properly. These birds never pull corn
nor any other vegetable for mischief. In this re-
spect, they are perfectly honorable gentlemen—

never any more than to satisfy hunger. It would
be quite creditable if we could say the same of
some other species of gentlemen. If the farmer
would soak his seed before planting, which would
benefit the seed, in something which is perfectly
unsavory to the taste of these birds, they would
never pull any farther than to be satisfied that they
could get nothing to eat. If the farmers would
take this precaution, they would only lose by these
birds the little which they would eat in the fall,
which would be a very small pittance for the great
good they do in destroying immense numbers of
insects, which otherwise would destroy very much
of the crops.

I know that for a long time bounties were set
upon the heads of these birds, and that great num-
bers were killed for the sake of the bounty. And
the community has been justly punished for this
wanton destruction of these birds, in the partial
and, in some cases, the total loss of crops. If the
government, instead of putting a bounty on the
destruction of birds, would put a bounty on the
raising of them, a great public good would be
effected.

Beside the direct benefits we receive from birds
in the protection of crops, their music is very de-
lightsome to those who have musical ears and soft
hearts. It is no small gratification to the good
man to hear these songsters join him in his evening
thanks to the great Creator for the blessings of the
day, and for his guardian and protecting care
through the watches of the night. And again, at
the opening dawn, to unite with him in his song of
morning praise. PHIL.

Portland, June 5, 1843.

Why is not Maine more Prosperous?

Messrs. Editors:—In the Farmer and Advocate
of the 10th instant, I notice some very interesting
remarks by your correspondent R, on "the natural
advantages of Maine." After enumerating her
various advantages and almost inexhaustible re-
sources, he asks, "Why is not Maine more indepen-
dent and prosperous?—why do we usually import
large quantities of breadstuffs, &c. The reasons
are obvious to every reflecting mind. Agriculture,
without which no State or Nation can be indepen-
dent or prosperous, has been extensively neglected
and suffered to fall into disrepute. Owing to the
false ideas of the present age, almost any other
occupation has become more popular, in the minds
of the rising generation of both sexes, than that of
farming—of obtaining a living by cultivating the
earth with their own hands; and though they are
the daily consumers of the immediate products of
the earth, it is altogether more in keeping with
popular sentiment to obtain them indirectly, by render-
ing some professional or mechanical service; to
those who have received them from the first pro-
ducing source, the earth. One very considerable
reason why farming has become unpopular and its
interests suffered to languish is, the manufacturing
interests in general hold out by far the greatest
and most ready reward for labor and talent. The
consequence is that most of the young people, as
soon as they become of age, for want of mechan-
ical employment in Maine, leave the State to seek
employment in some of the manufacturing villages
of the West, or flatter themselves that they may
become eminent in some of the professions, and
thus obtain the productions of the earth necessary
to sustain life solely from those who are, to use a
common expression, "fit for nothing else but farm-
ing." Thus the mineral wealth of Maine, in which
she is believed to be as prolific as any other State,
is suffered to lie concealed in the bosom of the
earth, or is left to be sought out and developed by
those who are fit for aim at any thing else but
turning it to their own account. This is a manifest
derangement of sound economy in the affairs of
Maine, under which no State, however abundant
may be its resources, can prosper or be independent.
The superior energy and policy of other States in
their manufacturing and various other interests,
causes, yearly, a most destructive drain of inter-
esting talent to leave us to sustain their interests.
In this way our farming and manufacturing opera-
tions are left to be maintained and improved by the
comparatively ignorant, and our mineral resources
to be sought out and developed by those whose
thoughts seldom penetrate the earth deeper than
the ploughshare and the hoe. To such an extent is
her agriculture, in common with other interests,
neglected, that large quantities of breadstuffs and
other articles are annually imported from other States
for the consumption of her remaining inhabitants. Of
course some means must be found to pay this an-
nual foreign tax;—to accomplish this end the flocks
must be stripped of their fleeces, the herds of their
hides, and the forests of their timber, which, for the
want of manufacturers to purchase and manufacture
them at home, are sold and transported to distant
markets for the purpose of being manufactured,
after which they are frequently returned to and
purchased by us. We are, by this untimely man-
agement, compelled, directly or indirectly, to pay
for exporting, manufacturing and importing back to
us many of our own goods; and in addition to all
this, to a considerable extent, we raise and export
the help to perform the same. Under such circum-
stances and such management, need it hardly be
asked, "why we are in a great measure dependant

upon others for some of the most common and
necessary articles of manufacture?"

Is it asked, is there any remedy for all this?
There certainly is. If there is a cause for it there
is also a remedy, and that remedy is with agricul-
turalists, for they are the most numerous, acting
indirectly through their Legislative body. Nothing
but slavish ignorance or blind credulity on the part
of the agriculturalists of Maine would so long and
so peaceably have suffered their best interests and
most respectful calls for aid to be so long neglected
and trampled upon, under the guise of that disgi-
sting "friend of the people," "greatest good to
the greatest number," &c. Let the agriculturalists
arise en masse, and, through the ballot box, purge
from office every incubator who has not the best
interests of the agriculture of Maine at heart.

The old maxim of "take care of the cents and
the dollars will take care of themselves," is ap-
plicable to farming. Take care of the farming in-
terests and all others will take care of themselves.
Let the earth first yield her increase—let the soil
be cultivated—its capabilities proved. When this
shall be done the first wants of the people will be
supplied within themselves. Then let the laws,
which now withhold more than is mete and tend to
drive all manufacturers out of the State, be ex-
tinguished from the statute book, and sufficient en-
couragement extended to the manufacturing capi-
talists, by remission of taxes or in some other way,
to induce them to come and establish themselves
among us. Then will the vast resources and min-
eral wealth of Maine be called into action and
become subservient to her wants—then will the
people be supplied with employment and manufac-
tured articles within her own territory—then will
she become independent and flourishing.
Winthrop, June, 1843. A FARMER.

The following design of a Government Depart-
ment of Agriculture and Education, submitted to the
consideration of Congress and to some of the State
Governments, signed in part by a number of respect-
able, intelligent, and distinguished citizens, is
deemed a measure of great importance as a simple
and efficient means for the promotion of science,
the collection and diffusion of knowledge amongst
mankind, and the promotion of a speedy and a high
degree of enlightened civilization. An examination
of it is respectfully solicited.—Not. Intel.

MEMORIAL.

To the Honorable the Senate and House of Repre-
sentatives of the United States:

The memorial of the undersigned respectfully re-
presents that the prosperity of the country would
be greatly promoted by the establishment of a new
department, styled the Department of Agriculture
and Education; and by requiring of primary school
teachers and others, in making out reports on the
state of education in their respective schools, to re-
port to said department, assisted by the farmers, in-
structors, mechanics, architects, merchants, profes-
sional men, artists, manufacturers, naval and army
officers, soldiers, seamen, &c. describing the soil,
minerals, natural products, crops, buildings, agricul-
tural and mechanical implements, manufactures, &c.
of their school districts respectively; saying,

What raw materials may be brought into use ad-
vantageously to the proprietor and to the country;
What new crops may be introduced with benefit;
What rotation of crops;
What improvements in the construction of the
buildings; what manufactures; what discoveries
have been made in natural history and the sciences;
Preliminary to be given for important discoveries;
The microscope, telescope, barometer, thermometer,
rain gauge, and chemical apparatus to be used in
the schools, to aid in the study of natural history,
the useful, the fine arts, and the sciences; to as-
certain the habits and changes of insects that are
destructive to our staple crops, fruits, vegetables,
flowers, plants, shrubs, ornamental and forest trees,
and animals;

A diary to be kept of the events of the day, so as
to establish facts, and to give to the people early and
easy habits of composition on subjects familiar and
attractive to them, gradually becoming the historians
of the respective neighborhoods, &c.; together
with the changes of the weather, records of which
to be kept, not only with a view to observe its ef-
fects on vegetation, animals, &c. but to guard
against its changes;

What tests are used to ascertain the comparative
value of agricultural, mechanical and other imple-
ments;

What chemical tests to ascertain the quality of
soils, manures, minerals, &c.

Whether astronomy be studied with a view to
the application of that science to improvements in
agriculture or otherwise;

Whether school or public libraries be established,
and the character of such;

The mode of instruction used by each in prac-
tical horticulture, from the planting of the seeds, bud-
ding, grafting, transplanting, pruning of fruit, or-
namental and forest trees, &c.; and

Whether the art of ascertaining the equality of
the fruit, timber, &c., especially of the birdseye
maple and mulberry, from the leaf, bark, or growth
be attained;

Also, what attention to vocal and instrumental
music, as well as the general statistics of their re-
spective districts;

Statues, paintings, surveys, and maps, engravings
or drawings, or pencil sketches, to be given of
such things or on such subjects as may seem ad-
visable, with ascertained remedies for and against
existing and periodical evils;

Also, specimens of the insects, plants, minerals,
&c., with the character and habits of such of their
districts respectively, so as to establish on an en-
larged system a National and State museum.

Every enlightened American citizen would feel
that he had a property therein, and deem it a plea-
sure to add to the valuable treasure it might con-
tain.

Military tactics to be taught, and a common sys-
tem of strategy adapted to all languages, so as to
establish a universal written language.

A paper or printed in Washington city or else-
where could be read in any part of the world, and
travelers could hold a written conversation as the
educated mutos do.

Also, universal conversational signs.

Information collected as above through foreign
ministers and other sources to be condensed and
sent to each teacher, thus keeping the teachers,
youth, and people of the country up with the im-
provements of the age and the history of the year
and promoting civilization, truth, justice, and peace.

Each school district may constitute an auxiliary

EZEKIEL HOLMES, } Editors.
FRANCIS O. J. SMITH, }

New Series. Vol. 11. No. 26.
Whole No. 546.

national institution for the promotion of science and
the collection and diffusion of knowledge amongst
mankind. So also each district may respectfully
form a miniature republic, making each citizen a
legislator for his respective district, and the science
of government be the study and art of a people.

Design of primary male and female school, teacher's
house, and experimental model farm for the
States, Territories, District of Columbia, and
Indians; with a library, cabinet, lyceums, black-
board for sketches with chalk, stand for statuary of
clay; vegetable and flower garden, with figs,
grapes, small fruit, shrubs, and nursery; agricul-
tural grounds for experiment, sugar-beet and other
root crops for feeding stock, &c.; grain, grasses,
&c.; orchard of apricots, plums, cherries, peach, pear,
and apple to be pastured with birds, poultry, pigs,
ewes and lambs, (the males bark the trees), to pro-
tect them curculio, so destructive to the smooth-
skinned stone fruits, and other insects; the stock,
in exchange for the food which the fruits and pas-
ture afford them, will worm, bug, manure, and in
some sort cultivate the trees and pasture. Play and
parade ground; public road, planted with the eu-
car or birdseye maple or other trees; coco-nut
work shop, kiln for drying fruits, and wood house.

Piggery, sheepfold, pigeon-house, henhouse,
beehive, rabbit warren, hot-bed and green house.
Each pupil to take a portion of the seasons or
plants of choice fruits, flowers, and vegetables,
thus giving to every cultivator and to each family
in the Union the most choice fruits, flowers, and
vegetables known in this country, Europe or else-
where.

By adopting this course we shall have a professor
of agriculture, the useful and mechanic arts, in
each primary school, the establishment of which, in
some of the colleges of Europe has been considered
highly beneficial.

The size of the houses to be extended or lessened
according to the number of pupils and popula-
tion of the neighborhood, giving to the teacher a
delightful home, with some of the best lands of the
school district for an experimental and model farm,
with good salaries, so as to induce the talented, edu-
cated, and virtuous to engage as teachers for life.

In a forest district, and the houses be built in
the Russian mode; that is, the logs are hewed on
the upper and lower sides, and fitted obliquely,
sloping downwards, and fitted close, so as to turn
the rain and snow and keep the logs and interior
of the house dry.

A weekly newspaper for the male teachers and
male youth, also one for the female teachers and
female youth, so as to create a female literature that
will render the literary and scientific production of
the country and age intelligible and acceptable to
mother and children, the female reader, and ulti-
mately to every family.

It is suggested that the orchard—with as many
trees, lambs, pigs, and poultry as can be supported
from its surplus fruits and pasture, the garden and
the dairy, with two permanent grass lots near to it
to be pastured by the milch cows, so as to change
their pasture from one to the other every four or
five days, by which plan the cows will always have
fresh, rich and sweet herbage, and afford the family
rich sweet milk, cream, butter, and cheese, and save
the labor of sending daily a distance for the cows,
which are sometimes injured by other stock and in
being driven to and from the wife's portion, from
the advantages of which she will be enabled to fill
the meat-house, feather the beds, furnish the gro-
cery, clothe her household, and add to the family
and primary school district library. This arrange-
ment, too, will enable the farmer's wife, to whom
the unfortunate often look for aid, whose privilege
it is to dispense it the more fully, to give it, and in
some measure to prevent its necessity by giving
employment to those who need it, viz: in pruning
the trees, thinning, securing, drying and marketing
the fruit, eggs, butter, cheese, &c.; thus producing
and securing comfort at home and diffusing it in
her neighborhood, adorning and beautifying the
country, and promoting the comfort and luxury of
the farmer's home, by having those useful and
pleasing objects about it, viz: the orchard, orna-
mental trees; ewes, lambs, pigs, poultry, permanent
pastures, and cows, which are not only attractive
and pleasing to children and family, but to visitors
and travellers.

The above plan may be considered by some as
too expensive; but is not the object sufficient to
induce fathers, mothers, and the youth of the
country to dispense with some of the luxuries
and tinsel of the day to accomplish it. "Inquiries
cannot be too extensively and minutely carried on.
What occurs to one may be neglected by another,
however able and intelligent. It is the combined
information, collected by general and minute in-
quiries, that can alone produce facts on great ques-
tions fit to be relied on."

France has her Minister of Public instruction
and Professors of Agriculture, with three courses:
1st. On Cultivation; 2d. Agricultural construction
and mechanics; 3d. Agricultural Chemistry.
Yale College owes its birth to ten worthy far-
mers, who in 1770 assembled at Banford, and each
one, laying a few volumes on a table, said, "I give
these books for the founding of a college in this
colony." So a primary school district library may
be easily founded.

It is said by European statesmen "that for a re-
publican people our systems of education are far
below the wants of the people."
The above measure is respectfully submitted
to the consideration of the People and Governments
of all other nations.

JOSEPH L. SMITH.
Editors of newspapers in this and other countries
will confer a favor by giving the above an insertion.

From Hill's Monthly Visitor.

More about the State of Maine.

The most interesting part of the Ten Days in
Maine last October was the day spent with our
excellent friend the Rev. W. A. Drew of Augusta.
By the way this town of Augusta, being the highest
upon the Kennebec of the three villages which
make no great addition to make a continued city
from the lower end of Gardiner to the great dam
above the first bridge on the river, is one of the
most beautiful of this fine country. These villages
embrace a population of nearly 15,000 inhabi-
tants. Sloop and steamboat navigation extends as
high up as H

POETRY.

From the Louisville (Ky.) Journal.
THE GOLDEN RINGLET.

Here is a little golden tress
Of soft unbraided hair,
That all that's left of loveliness
That once was thought so fair;
And yet, though time has dimm'd its sheen,
Though all beside hath fled,
I hold it here, a link between
My spirit and the dead.

Yes, from this shining ringlets still
A mournful memory springs,
That melts my heart, and sends a thrill
Through all its trembling strings.
I think of her, the loved, the wept,
Upon whose forehead fair,
For eighteen years, like sunshine, slept
This golden curl of hair.

Oh, sunny tress! the joyous brow,
When thou didst lightly wave
With all thy sister tresses now
Lies cold within the grave.
The cheek is of its bloom bereft:
That eye no more is gay;
Of all her beauties thou art left
A solitary ray.

Four years have passed, this very June,
Since last we fondly met—
Four years! and yet it seems too soon
To let the heart forget.
Too soon to let that lovely face
From our sad thoughts depart,
And to another give the place
She held within the heart.

Her memory still within my mind
Retains its sweetest power:
It is the perfume left behind,
To whisper of the flower.
Each blossom, that in moments gone
Bound up this sunny curl,
Recalls the form, the look, the tone,
Of that enchanting girl.

Her step was like an April rain
O'er beds of violets flung;
Her voice the prelude to a strain,
Before the song is sung.
Her life, 'twas like a half-blown flower,
Closed ere the shades of even;
Her death the dawn, the blushing hour
That opens the gates of Heaven.

A single tress! how slight a thing
To sway such magic art,
And bid each soft remembrance spring
Like blossoms in the heart!
It leads me back to days of old—
To her I loved so long,
Whose locks outshone pellucid gold,
Whose lips o'erflowed with song.

Since then I've heard a thousand lays
From lips as sweet as hers;
Yet when I strove to give them praise,
I only gave them tears.
I could not bear, amid the throng
Where jest and laughter rung,
To hear another sing the song
That trembled on her tongue.

A single shining tress of hair
To bid such memories start—
But, tears are on my lustre—there
I lay it on my heart.
Oh! when in Death's cold arms I sink,
Who then, with gentle care,
Will keep for me a dark brown link—
A ringlet of my hair?

MISCELLANEOUS.

[From The Ladies' Companion for June.]

The Unlucky Mistake.

(Concluded.)

"I believe, on reflection," said Mrs. Harden to her daughter, after Mrs. Howell had gone, "that I shall sound Mrs. Mansfield to-morrow, and ascertain if she has any knowledge of the Everings; and if she has not, perhaps she may as well sit in the pew with us, if she chooses to attend church."

According to this determination, she said to Mrs. Mansfield, the next morning, at the breakfast-table—

"I understand that one of the richest men in the State, resides in the town where you belong."

"You allude to Mr. Evering, I suspect."

"Yes."

"Do pray tell us what you know about the family, and whether you ever happened to see any of them?" said Meliss.

"I have seen them," was the reply, "and they have the reputation of being very intelligent and amiable."

"Have they ever employed you to do their sewing?" said Mrs. Harden.

"They never have."

"Phebe told me this morning," said Florence, "that the name of the family that arrived at the hotel, last evening, was—"

She had proceeded thus far, when an expressive frown from her mother silenced her.

"Now I have commenced asking questions," said Mrs. Harden, "I should like to inquire if you know anything about the rich Mrs. Sinclair, who resides in H—, who is my sister-in-law?"

"I am somewhat acquainted with her, though not so thoroughly in every respect, perhaps, as I ought to be."

"I have heard that she is very handsome and very lady-like," said Meliss.

"Is she, aunt?" inquired Florence.

"Some have thought so; the opinion of others may be different."

"We must always expect," said Mrs. Harden, "to find those among the lower classes who can never see anything in persons whom fortune has exalted above them, either to love or to admire."

"You never saw anything so elegant as a collar aunt is working for Mrs. Sinclair," said Florence.

"Then she employs you, if the Everings do not," said Mrs. Harden.

"Yes, I have done a great deal, first and last, for her."

"Does she move in the same circle as the Everings," said Meliss.

"I believe she does—or rather I am certain she does."

"How sorry I am that we did not send for aunt Sinclair, as we talked of," said Meliss.

"We must expect our plans to yield to those of your father and Florence," said her mother.

"I am sure father said that you might send for her if you thought best," said Florence.

"But if so happened that I did not think best, I thank my stars I have a little sense of propriety, and am not like him so immersed in business, as not to consider that a seamstress or washerwoman would feel ill at ease in the company of the wealthy and the refined."

Tears started to the eyes of Florence, and she color in her cheeks deepened to crimson. Even Mrs. Harden thought she might have

gone too far, and stole a glance at her guest that she might observe the effect of her speech, who, far from appearing to resent it, was, at the moment, sipping her coffee with an air of perfect composure.

"I have no cause for alarm," thought she—"I have cannot penetrate marble." And from that moment she ceased to have any misgivings respecting the arrangement they had made for the Sabbath.

It was Saturday evening, and Mrs. Sinclair had been in her chamber about fifteen minutes, when Florence, having rapped for admission, entered with a flushed and excited countenance.

"Aunt Mansfield," said she, "I wish I had never sent for you, and had I known father was going to be absent, I never should. Your feelings must have been daily, almost hourly wounded, and now my mother and sister have a plan in agitation which is worse than anything they have said or done."

"For certain reasons, my feelings may have been less injured than you imagine, so my dear Florence, give yourself no uneasiness. But what is the plan you allude to?"

Florence, in reply, informed her that Mr. Evering and his wife, and their son and daughter, were at the hotel, and that her mother had just told her that she had sent an invitation to them to take seats in their pew, should they wish to attend church, which they had accepted, and that in consequence of which, her aunt and she would be obliged to remain or sit with the 'help.'

"Don't let that disturb you," said Mrs. Sinclair, with a smile—"I mean on my account. I can receive just as much benefit from the religious services in a plain, humble pew, as in one ever so splendid."

"But I consider it an insult to you, and I would not bear it."

"I am so fond of reading the characters of people, that I have received more pleasure than pain from those little occurrences which have occasioned you so much annoyance. Upon the whole," said she, as she selected from Mrs. Mansfield's wardrobe her best dress, which was a black silk, a little rusty—"as my garments are rather homely, I should as the saying is, appear like a speckled bird beside your mother and sister, and the Everings; I think, therefore, that the plan of assigning me a seat with the servants, is rather a judicious one."

Mrs. Sinclair, as has already been observed was a handsome woman—and the next morning, when all were ready for church, it is probable that a stranger would have discerned glimpses of the lady through her humble apparel, as readily as through the sumptuous garments of Mrs. Harden. As for Meliss, she had decorated her person as elaborately as if she had been going to appear in a ball-room. Florence, partly from the influence of a just taste, which made ornaments appear to her out of place in a temple dedicated to the Most High, and partly on account of the humble garb of her companion, appeared in a plainer dress. She and her aunt had been quietly seated in the pew assigned them, about fifteen minutes, when her mother and Meliss, accompanied by the Everings, swept up the broad aisle. She had predetermined not to like them, not excepting even Willard, though his good qualities, in a particular manner, had been the almost constant theme of Meliss's conversation whenever they had been alone; being influenced, no doubt, by the humiliation and grief which they had innocently caused her to suffer. The benevolent and dignified countenance of Mr. Evering, however, and the still finer one of the son, at once gave wing to those prejudices which she had been nursing with all diligence. She did not obtain a sight of Mrs. Evering's face, but the daughter's she thought one of the sweetest she had ever seen. When the services were over, Mrs. Evering, just as she was leaving church, happened to notice Mrs. Sinclair. She pointed her out to her husband, and hastening forward, they greeted her with a warmth equal to the surprise they felt at meeting her.

"Only see," said Mrs. Harden to Meliss, with a scornful toss of the head, "how sociable Mr. Evering and his wife are with Florence's aunt. If they had seen her in their own town, they would not have thought of speaking to her, unless they had wished her to do some sewing for them; but because they have happened to meet with her a hundred miles from home, a person would think she was the governor's lady by their appearance."

"I must certainly introduce you to Mrs. Harden and her daughter," said Mrs. Evering to Mrs. Sinclair. "They were very polite in inviting us to take seats in their pew. We did not expect to receive so much attention from strangers."

"Excuse me now, if you please," said Mrs. Sinclair, who did not feel quite ready for the denouement which the proposed introduction would occasion. "I will give you my reasons some other time, and instead, take the present opportunity to introduce to you my young friend, Miss Florence Harden."

Florence went through the introduction like one in a dream, for she was completely bewildered by hearing her aunt, as she supposed her to be, addressed as Mrs. Sinclair.

When, on their return home, Mrs. Sinclair made no allusion to the manner in which Mr. and Mrs. Evering had addressed her, she began to imagine that they might inadvertently miscall her name, and soon dismissed the subject from her thoughts.

Monday morning found Mrs. Harden and Meliss closeted together, endeavoring to decide whether it would be best to invite the Everings to tea, together with two or three families of the first class, or to muster all their forces, and make a tremendous effort for an entertainment on a grand scale, and invite all the elite of the town and its environs. Finally, so vacillating were their minds respecting it, that they summoned Phebe, a very staid and worthy person, that they might receive the benefit of her opinion.

"What is done in a hurry is seldom done well," she said, in winding up her remarks, and this sage maxim, introduced in so timely a manner, turned the scale in favor of a small select party. But what was to be done with 'Aunt Mansfield,' was a question more difficult to settle than the one relative to the seats in the church. She might, it was true, if she only thought so, remain quietly in her own chamber, or stay in the kitchen with Phebe, and Matty and Patrick, and render them some assistance, as there would be plenty to do; but they did not like to propose to her either of those methods of spending the evening. As to the cordial manner in which Mr. and Mrs. Evering greeted her it was, Mrs.

Harden said, nothing at all, and she doubted not but that they would be highly offended, should they find her enjoying all the privileges of a guest at a party made expressly in honor of themselves. Accordingly, at the dinner table, by way of experiment, the subject of a party was introduced, and the impropriety persons in the humble walks of life seeking to thrust themselves into the society of those above them, was dwelt upon at large. The understanding of their guest, however, appeared to be uncommonly obtuse, and their minds remained unrelieved by any intimation on her part, that she should prefer to remain in her own room, or make herself useful by assisting Phebe and Matty.

The evening appointed for the party arrived. At an early hour, before any of the guests began to assemble, Mrs. Sinclair entered the drawing-room, and took a seat in the most obscure corner. Her black silk dress looked very well by candle light, and her dark, glossy hair, smoothly parted on her forehead, corresponded admirably with her style of beauty. Mrs. Harden bit her lips, and exchanged a meaning glance with Meliss; but they felt constrained to bear the intrusion, as they considered it in silence.

"I hope, for your sake," said Eliza Evering to her brother, as they were on their way to Mrs. Harden's, "that the 'maid of the raven lock,' we met yesterday, will be at the party."

"I hope she will," he replied; "I thought her the most beautiful girl I ever saw."

"Mother thinks by the description," I gave of her, that she must be the young lady she saw with Mrs. Sinclair, whom she introduced as Miss Florence Harden. If so, she is doubtless a connection of Mrs. Harden's, and we shall probably see her this evening."

Florence, who had been required by her mother to superintend a variety of arrangements, had not time to complete her toilette till most of the company had assembled. Mrs. Sinclair continued to retain her station in the obscure corner, which Meliss had very adroitly contrived to screen, by placing before it a luxurious chair for an exceedingly corpulent gentleman, who, moreover, being afflicted with the gout, would not be likely to speedily change his position. The screen, both the inanimate and animate part, was adjusted just in time, the Everings being immediately announced. The bustle occasioned by their arrival, had pretty well subsided, when Florence, simply, yet elegantly attired, entered the apartment. The expedition she had been obliged to use in arranging her dress, had given a fine glow to her cheeks, and made her dark eyes more lustrous. "How beautiful!" was the involuntary exclamation of Edward Evering. Having exchanged salutations with those near her, she tried to accomplish the somewhat difficult passage between the chair of the corpulent gentleman and the wainscot, and took a seat beside the neglected guest. The eyes of Willard Evering and his sister followed her, and they then perceived Mrs. Sinclair. Mrs. Harden, who perceived that Meliss's care had not been in vain, approached Eliza Evering for the purpose of apologizing.

"I can assure you," said she, "that I never had any thing to occasion me more mortification and chagrin, than being obliged to permit a person of her standing to mingle upon terms of equality with persons whose presence I esteem an honor."

"Do you allude to that beautiful girl?" said Miss Evering, looking at Florence.

"I allude to the Widow Mansfield," she replied, "who lives in H—, and whom Mrs. Sinclair, whose late husband was Mr. Harden's half brother, employs as her sempstress."

"I know Mrs. Mansfield perfectly well, and should feel gratified to meet her on the present occasion. You must pardon me, however, at being unable to discover her among your guests."

"But you can certainly see the woman who sits behind Mr. Quimby, that large gentleman."

"Yes, I can partly see her."

"Well, then, you see the Widow Mansfield, do you not?"

"No, indeed, it is Mrs. Sinclair, the same lady my father and mother met with, last Sabbath, soon after leaving church. Had you been so familiarly acquainted with her as I am, you could not have mistaken her for Mrs. Mansfield."

"What you say is impossible," said Mrs. Harden, turning pale.

"By no means; and to convince you that I am not laboring under a hallucination, we will appeal to my mother, who, very opportunely, is coming this way. Is not that Mrs. Sinclair, mother, whose face is just perceptible above the shoulder of yonder fat gentleman?"

"Certainly; do you doubt the evidence of your own eyes?" I am on my way to speak to her, to persuade her and that charming Miss Harden—who is, I presume, a connection of yours, Miss Harden—to emerge from that obscure corner, where it appears as if they had gone on purpose to hide themselves."

Mrs. Harden waited to hear no more, but going up to Meliss, and taking her by the arm, they left the apartment together. In a few minutes a note was handed to Mrs. Sinclair, from Mrs. Harden, requesting an interview.

"Excuse me for a short time," said she to Mrs. Evering, "and if you please, introduce my young friend to your son and daughter, who are coming this way, I dare say, to request the favor of me."

It would require too much space to relate all the conversation that passed between her and Mrs. Harden and Meliss. She, however, voluntarily promised not to expose the manner in which they had treated her to the Everings.

"I have accomplished my object," said she, "and I have no feelings of revenge to gratify. I have all of you appeared in your true characters, and I am so well pleased with that of Florence, that, with the concurrence of her father, I shall adopt her as my daughter. You, perhaps, may have learnt a lesson, which will profit you more than wealth. On your account, more than on my own, we will now, if you please, rejoice the company."

As may be imagined, the desire of Mrs. Sinclair to adopt Florence as her daughter, was readily conceded by her father. Florence accompanied her when she returned to H—, when they found Mrs. Mansfield entirely recovered from the effects of her accident. It was Mrs. Sinclair's first care to settle upon her an income which would make her easy for life.

Willard Evering did not fail to cultivate

the acquaintance with Florence already commenced, and finding her as rich in moral and mental endowments, as in personal beauty, soon yielding to her heart, which was speedily followed by the offer of his hand.

The splendid bridal celebrated a few months afterwards, at the mansion of Mrs. Sinclair, showed that the offer was not rejected.

Love in the West.

OR, HOW TO GAIN A BRIDE.

"What is beauty without the health;
Summer day without its sun;
Spring without its blossoms fair;
Age, ere youth its course has run."

"Slowly but gradually advances death;
Still falls the pulse—gone next the ebbing breath."

Perhaps there is no richer soil, and at times a softer climate, than can be found in the State of Illinois. Interspersed with numerous running streams dividing the land into rich meads; here green and bare of trees; there covered with dense forests, every portion of American landscape is to be found in this noble State.

But the long series of ages that have elapsed since the creation, witnessing unseen, as it were except by the roving Indian, the decay, number after number, of mighty forests and the decomposition of nature's productions, have enriched the soil, and rendered it dangerous and unhealthy to the civilized white man.

But as population has increased, vast incursions have been made in admitting to the light of day and the purification of the atmosphere, a rich soil; and as civilization advances in its cultivation of the earth, health goes hand in hand, and in a few years there will be no spot on the globe fitter for a residence for the most delicate, than the ancient Illinois of the aborigines.

In the spring of 1840, Arthur Milton reached a beautiful but small town on the banks of the Illinois. He was a young man of barely twenty-four years of age, and after studying law for a few years in one of the eastern States, took his route for the far West, intending there to settle and practice his profession. His talents were of undoubted order, and he possessed all that indomitable energy of character which so particularly belongs to the people of that section of the country from which he came.

He rode to the tavern or hotel, as the villagers magnificently denominated it, although it had originally consisted of nothing more than a large log house, but having been raised a story, clapboarded and painted outside, and divided and plastered within, it was dignified with the title of hotel.

On giving his horse to the stable boy, and attracting the scrutiny of the gaping loungers that in a country place always linger around the village tavern, he found his way into a comfortable bar room, where he was cheerfully greeted by the landlord with a cordial welcome, whose tongue betokened his 'down east origin,' in spite of a thirty years' apprenticeship in the West.

"Travel'd some way to-day, I guess?"

"Forty miles."

"Pesky bad travelin'." I 'spose supper wouldn't be disagreeable."

"It would not I assure you."

The landlord assented himself immediately, and in a brief time appeared with the intelligence that supper was ready. On entering the supper room Milton found food enough set before him to supply a dozen of hungry men. Broiled venison, beef steak, ham and chickens, eggs, wheat and Indian bread, honey, &c., 'too numerous to mention' as advertisers say. After doing ample justice to the meal, and returning to the piazza outside the hotel to enjoy a cigar he was followed by the landlord.

"Stranger in these parts I calculate."

"Yes."

"Mighty fine country about here. I've been in it now beyond twenty years."

"Do you know in what part of the village Squire Wilson lives?"

"Squire Wilson? I rather guess I do, who don't in these parts. You see that big white house with green blinds and four chimneys, the finest bit of a place within these hundred miles, that's his'n. He's powerful rich. You want to see him about buying land I 'spose?"

"No, I have a letter of introduction from an old friend of his in Connecticut."

"Bless me how d'ye do, I'm so glad to see you. I'm from Connecticut too. The Squires' daughter Susan gives a grand quilting party to-night, so if you'll just step over—"

"The very reason I shall avoid visiting him to-night. I feel somewhat tired, and if you now show me to my bed, to-morrow, we will talk about old Connecticut the whole day."

The landlord could not resist this, but after his guest had retired, despatched his youngest boy over to the Squires with the intelligence that a young gentleman had gone to bed at the hotel, a minute before who was from Connecticut, and had a letter to him. The intelligence at once brought the Squire over, and the result was, Milton had to leave his bed and accompany him home.

"My only child Susan gives an old fashioned quilting frolic to-night, and do you think I could let you, the son of an old friend, now gone—be within twenty miles of my house and not come to it on such a time—No, No, you must see how we live out west at such times."

The Squire and Milton soon reached the house which was seated on a spacious lawn surrounded by lofty trees. As they drew near the entrance strong lights gleamed through the casements and the sound of merry youthful voices rang pleasantly through the night air. Ushered into the large room, Milton found himself in the presence of some forty or fifty young men and maidens all in the height of gayety and cheerfulness.

"My young friends, the gentleman that I introduce to you is Mr. Milton the son of an old friend of mine from the east. Susan, my girl, I place him particularly under your charge, don't let him run away from you—Now on with your mirth."

Susan blushed somewhat as she glanced at the handsome face of Milton, and he was no less struck at her singular beauty. She was indeed a perfect western dove. An archness even in her simplicity hung around all her actions and Susan and Milton soon understood each other, as well as if they had been old acquaintances.

The amusements of the evening were of the most agreeable and pleasant kind. A supper that would make an epicure perfectly delighted was served up after the quilt was

removed, and dancing ended the festivities of the night. When the company broke up the Squire would not allow Milton to depart, and the best bed room in the house was his allotted resting place.

After breakfast, the Squire entered into a long conversation with his guest, and finding what his views were, recommended him at once to settle down where he was, 'stick up a shingle,' as the phrase goes, and drive ahead. It is unnecessary to say that the charms of a certain fair girl had no small influence in inducing Milton to go no farther. In the course of six months, by his talents and perseverance, and friendly disposition, he became very popular, and was employed in all important cases for the whole circuit. To none did his success give greater pleasure than the gentle Susan Wilson. The reason must be obvious to our readers.

Squire Wilson, though a good man at heart, was rather worldly in his notions. He had made a large fortune by his own industry, and had made up his mind that when Susan married, it must be to a person of wealth. How often in this way do parents forget the happiness of their children.

We have not spoken of the mother of Susan. She was the perfection of what a parent and wife should be. Kind, motherly and pious, she not only studied the comforts of her family, but those of her neighbors and friends. Naturally of a weak constitution, on her first settlement in Illinois, she had been attacked by the bilious fever of the country, fever and ague, and a severe cold followed, and for many years she had been gradually declining. The fall after Milton arrived, the crisis came, and the physicians pronounced her complaints beyond cure. Word of horror to both father and daughter.

There lived in the village a retired Doctor—a bachelor of about forty years of age, who having acquired a large fortune by speculation, threw up his practice. He had long admired Susan, but she had never given him the least hope of reciprocation. Hearing of the decision of the physician, he waited upon the Squire, and observed, 'That he thought he could restore his wife to health, but if successful asked one reward.'

'Name it,' was the eager answer.

'The hand of your daughter.'

'Certainly—Susan loves her mother too well to refuse.'

When Susan heard of the demand, and her father's compliance, sorrow and hope alike prevailed. Arthur Milton she loved, and her mother dearly too. 'Father,' said she, calmly, 'grant me one thing—you may consider it folly—and I will comply. Let Arthur Milton have an equal trial with the Doctor.'

'Yes, girl, I will, provided your mother consents, but a lawyer giving advice as a Doctor is folly sure enough.'

The rival physician tried his strongest healing arts for a month, but in vain. On the contrary, Susan's mother grew worse, and Arthur's turn came. He required that nobody but Susan and himself should attend the patient. At the close of the month, the patient's health had improved in a wonderful degree, and at the conclusion of the second month, Mrs. Wilson was so far recovered as to give the hand of Susan to Arthur Milton, at the altar.

'Now, Arthur,' said the Squire, as he kissed the blushing bride, 'tell me the secret of this miraculous cure?'

'PETERS' VEGETABLE PILLS AND COUGH LOZENGES.'

It was true. When Arthur left for the west, he had provided himself with several packages of Peters' Pills and Lozenges, knowing they would be of use. The sequel is told.

'Honor to Dr. Peters,' said the Squire. 'His medicines have this day saved me a wife, and won you, Arthur Milton, a BRIDE.' No higher praise need be spoken.

Here is a beautiful thing from the pen of Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson:

THE HEAD AND THE HEART.

Please, my lady, buy a nosegay or bestow a trifle, was the address of a pale looking woman, holding a few withered flowers in her hand, to a lady who sat on the beach of Brighton, watching the blue waves of the receding tide. 'I have no half pence, my good woman, said the lady, looking up from the novel she was perusing with a listless gaze; if I would give them to you.' I am a poor widow with three helpless children depending on me, would you bestow a small trifle to help us on our way?' 'I told you I had no half pence,' reiterated the lady, somewhat pettishly. 'Really, she added, as the poor applicant turned meekly on her way, 'this is worse than the streets of London; they should have a police on the shore to prevent such annoyances,' were the thoughtless dictates of the head.

Mamma, said a blue-eyed boy, who was lying on the beach at the lady's feet, flinging pebbles into the sea, 'I wish I had a penny, for the poor woman does look hungry, and you know we are going to have a nice dinner, and you have promised me a glass of wine. The heart of the lady answered the appeal of the child, and with a blush of shame crimsoned her cheek at the tacit reproach his artless words conveyed, she opened her reticule, placed half a crown in his tiny hands, and in another moment the boy was bounding along the sands on his errand of mercy. In a few moments he returned, his eyes sparkling with delight and his countenance glowing with health and beauty. Oh! mamma, the poor woman was so thankful; she wanted to turn back, but I would not let her; and she said God bless the noble lady, and you, too, my pretty lamb; my children will now have bread for these two days, and we shall go on our way rejoicing. The eyes of the lady glistened as she heard the recital of her child, and her heart told her that its dictates bestowed a pleasure the cold reasoning of the head could never bestow.

A. B. LINCOLN & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF
BARNARD & JOSEPH'S
Patent Double Mold-Board, Side
Mill and
Level Land Plough.

Hardware and Cutlery; Iron, Steel and Glass; Sheet
Lead and Lead Pipe; Cut and Wrought Nails,
Horse Nails, Tacks and Brads; Japanned
and Brass Topped Dogs; Brass Fire
Sets, Whips, Brushes, Glue,
Hoes, &c.

One Door North of the Post Office.
AUGUSTA, Maine.

The celebrated and well-known Horse



MESSANGER,

Will again come before the public, and offer his services to those who have heretofore been so much gratified by his performances.

Said HORSE is so well known in this vicinity that he needs no "puffing."

N. B. The MESSANGER will stand at Morrill's Tavern in Winthrop, on Mondays and Tuesdays; at Foss' Tavern in Wayne, on Wednesdays; at Parker's Tavern in Groton, on Thursdays; at Lewiston Falls, on Fridays and Saturdays, during the months of June and July. J. M. HAINES, Winthrop, May 23, 1843.

NEW GOODS.

THE Subscribers have lately received an additional assortment and variety of NEW GOODS—now for sale at the

Brick Store, in Winthrop Village.

Consisting in part of British Sheetings from 1 yard to 1-1/4 yards wide, at 5 to 12 1/2 cents per yard. British do. Shirtings from 7 cts to 1 shilling per yard.

Summer Cloths.

Fancy Drills, Kremlins, Cord, Hamilton Checks, &c. Fig'd and Black Gilt Cloth. Broadcloths, Cassimeres and Satinets of different qualities, at prices to suit customers.

PRINTS.

The best assortment we have ever had. American and English Manufacture, from 4 to 22d per yard.

Mous de Lains, and a

New and Fancy article called *Crape de Laine*, Saxony Cloth single and double width, Shawls, Scarfs, Silk and Lace Veils, 6-4 the Check'd Cambrics and Muslin for Dresses. A variety of Lawns for summer Bonnets, Ribbons, Bonnet and Cap, narrow wide, &c. Curtains, Fringes, Braids, Cards and Bindings, Ladies Mohair Gloves and Mitts, and Gent's Kid do, Linen and Cotton do., Neck and Pocket H'd Lf, Silk and Cotton do., Tassels and Cords. Curtain Cambric, Sun Shades and Umbrellas.

Tailors' Trimmings,

A general assortment.

Crockery.

A large variety and quantity, among which are China and Liverpool Ware—Tea Sets—with plates, bowls &c. throughout of the same pattern.

Glass Ware.

Lamps, Tumbler, Nappies on Stands, Castors, Plates, Lanterns, &c.

W. I. GOODS,

Molasses, Tea and Sugar's, White and Brown Lissano, Communion and double refined do. Crock and Box Raisins, Spices of all kinds, Figs, Sweet leaf, and Cavendish Tobacco, Powder and Shot, &c.

Hard Ware.

Knives and Forks, Door Handles, Batts and Screws, Jags and Augur Bits, Wailers, Trunk Chisels and Pad Locks, Percussion Gun Locks and Caps, Iron and Steel Shovels, Hoes, &c. Shoemaker's Kit throughout.

Medicines, Paints, & Oils.

Dry and Ground White Lead, Extra No. 1 and No. 2 do. The above together with numerous other articles, will be sold low for cash—no mistake.

STANLEY & CLARK.

Paster and Lime.

THE subscriber has Lime and Plaster, for sale at Half-wholesale prices with the addition of 10 cts per hauling.

Winthrop, 1843. eop2m12



STEAM-BOAT LINE.

THE Subscriber informs the public that he will run a carriage from WINTHROP VILLAGE to STEAMBOAT WHARF in HALLOWELL.

He will leave Winthrop on the days that the Boat leaves for Boston, and also on the days that she arrives at Hallowell, in order to accommodate passengers going to, or returning from Boston.

His accommodations will be such as to give satisfaction, and great pains will be taken to ensure a safe and pleasant passage to those who will favor him with their patronage.

W. M. LADD.
Winthrop, May 23, 1843.

P. S. Any business entrusted to him will be faithfully attended to.

Winship & Paine

MANUFACTURERS OF UMBRELLAS, PARASOLS & NECK STOCKS, have on hand a large assortment of them, which they will sell wholesale and retail as low as can be purchased elsewhere.

Also on hand, a prime assortment of Hats, Caps, Gloves, Muslin, Massey instruments, Viol Strings, Reeds, Clarionet Reeds, Paper Languages, Fancy Soaps, &c. Store corner Middle & Temple Streets.

Country traders are invited to call before purchasing.

PORTLAND, April 26, 1843. 2m19

OWEN DEALEY, TAILOR.

WOULD respectfully inform the inhabitants of Winthrop and the public generally, that he has removed to the shop lately occupied by S. B. PASCOTT, two doors west of his old stand, where he continues to carry on the above business in the most approved style. SPRING and SUMMER FASHIONS just received, which is a splendid specimen of the art of cutting and making.

O. D. would say that all garments made at his shop shall be warranted to fit, and made in the latest style.

Particular attention paid to cutting, and done at short notice and warranted to fit.

Winthrop, May 1, 1843.

Iron and Steel.

STANLEY & CLARK have for sale English and Swedish Iron flat and round, all sizes. Swedes, German, Am. Drawn and Cast Steel. Nail plate, H. N. D. N. and Spike rods. Nails all sizes from 3d to 6d.

Washingtonian Vegetable Pills.

Intended and prepared by Elijah Wood, Winthrop.

A VEGETABLE ALTERNATIVE PILLS has long been a desideratum, and the inventor of the Washingtonian Pill confidently announces to those of his fellow beings who are suffering with Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, habitual constiveness, or any of the complicated diseases which arise from inactive or Torpid Liver, Derangement of the Chyliferous viscera, Impurity of the Blood, Scrofula, and diseases of the Glands, Skin, or the Absorbent System, that he has prepared a simple and safe remedy which he recommends to them, after an experience in their use of nearly thirty years.

He first prepared them for his own private use, being afflicted with severe attacks of Rheumatism, complicated by a general atony of the system. He has had the satisfaction of being restored to health by them, and now finds himself by their means as instruments in the hands of Providence, in good health at the advanced age of seventy-four years.

Many hundreds have experienced the salutary action of these Pills, and many cannot live without them. Their efficacy is acute as well as chronic rheumatism has been experienced, and in almost innumerable cases.

DIRECTIONS. Take them at night on going to bed, one, and increase the dose to five according as you wish to produce more or less cathartic action.

The above Pills are for sale at the Maine Farmer Office. Price 25 cents.